№26 FORTNIGHTLY
7th – 14th SEPT
1985 27p

THE TRANSFORMERS™

HEROIC AUTOBOT

WARRIOR ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

RATCHET REGISTERS FOR WARRIOR SCHOOL!

THE TRANSFORMERS

WARRIOR SCHOOL!

A WEEKEND CAMPING TRIP IN NORTHERN OREGON'S MOUNT HOOD NATIONAL FOREST FOR THESE FOUR COLLEGE STUDENTS WOULD NORMALLY BE A WELCOME ESCAPE FROM THE RIGORS OF THEIR STUDIES.
BUT THIS COOL SPRING NIGHT HAS MORE TO OFFER THEM THAN THE SWEET SCENT OF DOUGLAS FIR AND A DOME OF STARS IN THE INDIGO SKY...
THIS NIGHT GIVES THEM SUDDEN, STARK TERROR...
KKRRKKK
OH!
WHAT--?!

Bob Budiansky, Script • William Johnson, Pencils • Kyle Baker, Inks • Rick Parker, Letters • Nel Yomtov, Color

Originally Published by Marvel Comics • Issue #7 • August 1985

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Elizabeth Griffin, and Richard Zambarano for their invaluable assistance.

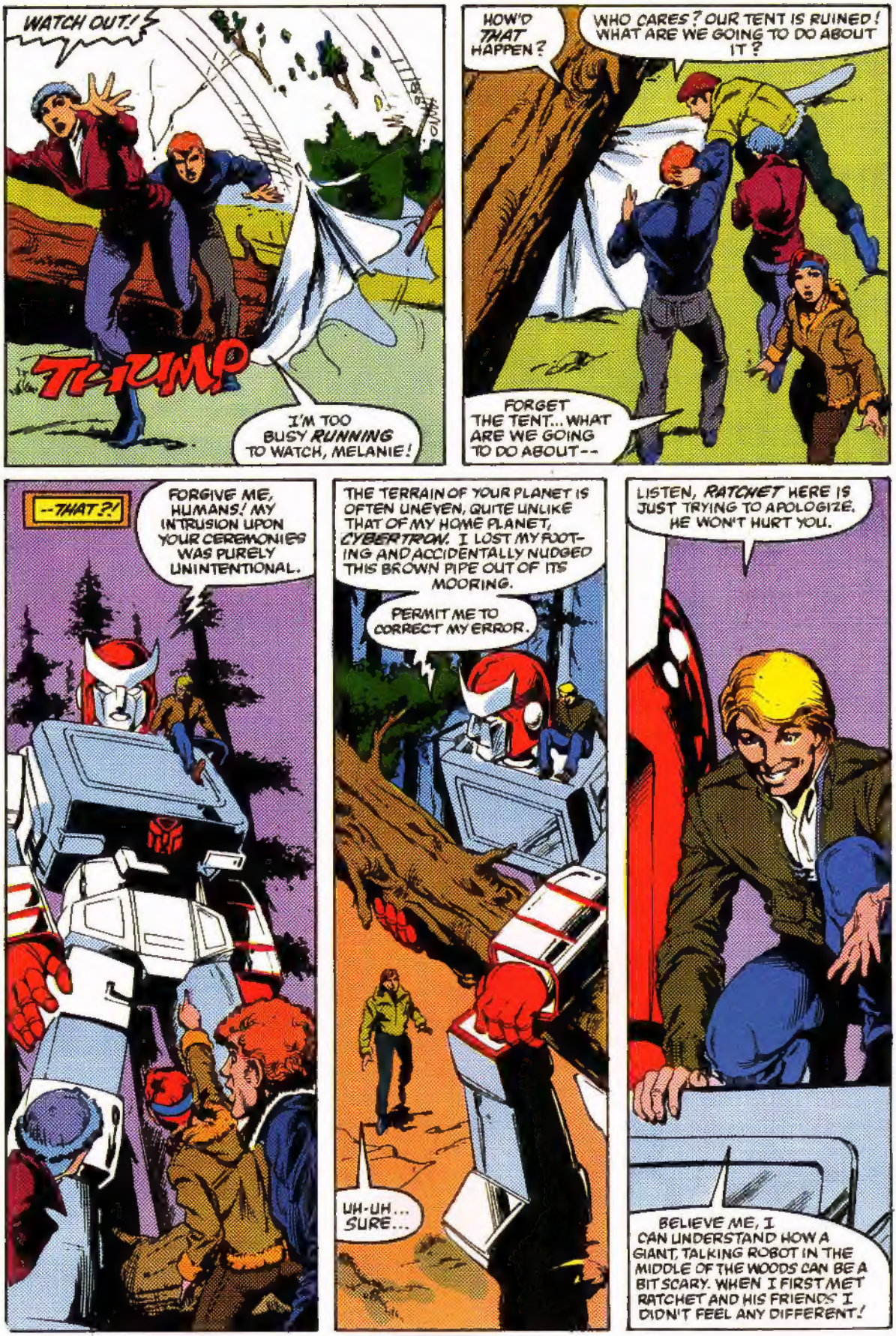
To discuss this issue of *Transformers*, or join the IDW Insiders, or to check out exclusive Web offers, check out our site: www.idwpublishing.com

IDW Publishing is: Robbie Robbins, President • Chris Ryall, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief • Ted Adams, Vice President • Kris Oprisko, Vice President
Neil Uyetake, Art Director • Dan Taylor, Editor • Aaron Myers, Distribution Manager • Tom B. Long, Designer • Chance Boren, Editorial Assistant
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Controller • Alex Garner, Creative Director • Yumiko Miyano, Business Development • Rick Privman, Business Development

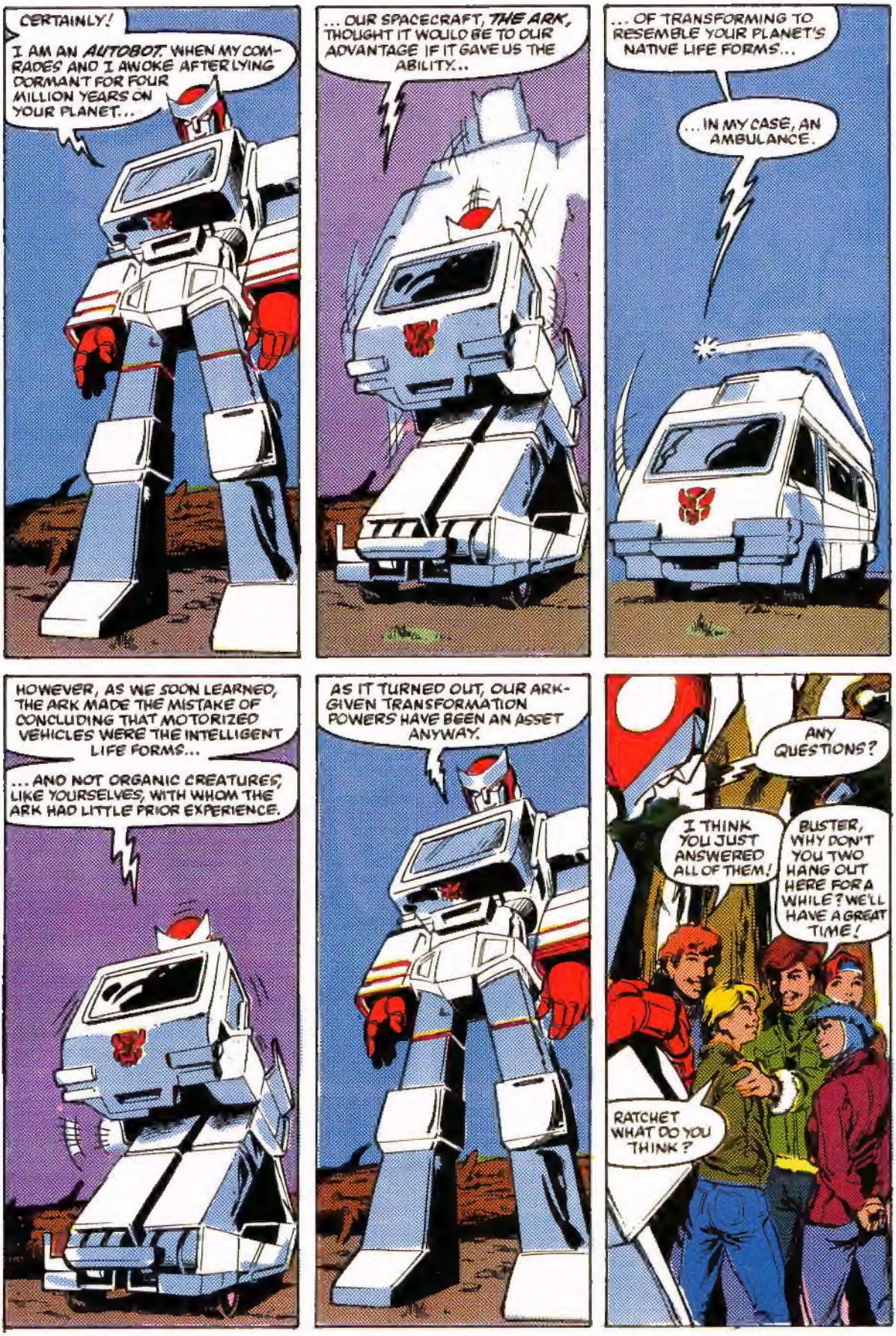
® Licensed by: Hasbro Properties Group

THE TRANSFORMERS: GENERATIONS #1. MARCH 2006. FIRST PRINTING. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 4411 Morena Blvd., Suite 106, San Diego, CA 92117. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2006 Hasbro. © 2006 Idea and Design Works, LLC. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Canada.

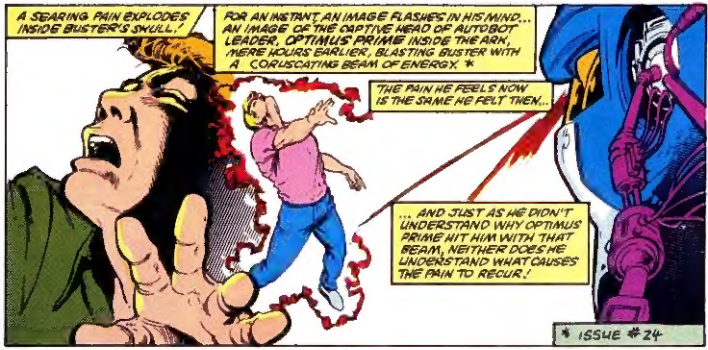
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

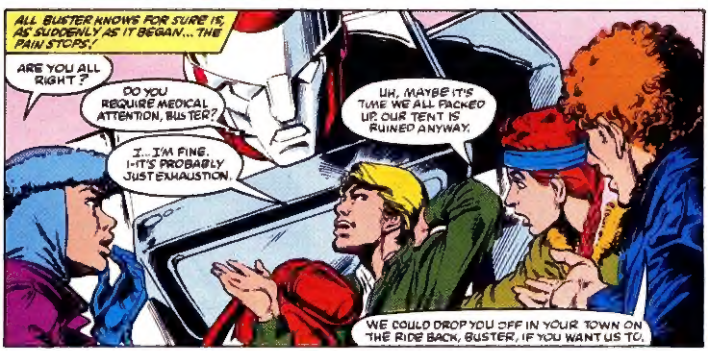

WATCH OUT!
TLUMP
I'M TOO BUSY RUNNING TO WATCH, MELANIE!
HOW'D THAT HAPPEN?
WHO CARES? OUR TENT IS RUINED! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
FORGET THE TENT... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT--
--THAT?!
FORGIVE ME, HUMANS! MY INTRUSION UPON YOUR CEREMONIES WAS PURELY UNINTENTIONAL.
THE TERRAIN OF YOUR PLANET IS OFTEN UNEVEN, QUITE UNLIKE THAT OF MY HOME PLANET, CYBERTRON. I LOST MY FOOTING AND ACCIDENTALLY NUDGED THIS BROWN PIPE OUT OF ITS MOORING.
PERMIT ME TO CORRECT MY ERROR.
UH-UH... SURE...
LISTEN, RATCHET HERE IS JUST TRYING TO APOLOGIZE. HE WON'T HURT YOU.
BELIEVE ME, I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW A GIANT, TALKING ROBOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS CAN BE A BIT SCARY. WHEN I FIRST MET RATCHET AND HIS FRIENDS I DIDN'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT!

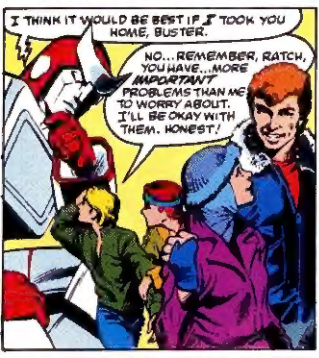
BUT RELAX! RATCHET'S A GOOD GUY! HONEST!
MY NAME'S BUSTER WITWICKY. LET ME HELP YOU PUT YOUR TENT BACK UP.
GIANT, TALKING ROBOT...?
Y-YOU SURE HE WON'T HURT US?
NAH. RATCHET'S A DOCTOR. HE WOULDN'T HURT A FLY.
WHAT IS THIS?
THAT...THAT'S FIRE.
I KNOW FIRE. WHAT IS THIS THAT PRODUCES THE FIRE?
THAT'S WOOD. WE...WE BUILD OUR CAMPFIRE WITH IT.
WOOD!
NOTHING LIKE IT EXISTS ON CYBERTRON. WHAT A FASCINATING SOURCE OF ENERGY!
WE'RE STUDENTS AT A NEARBY COLLEGE, AND--
COLLEGE?
Y'KNOW, COLLEGE... WHERE THEY PREPARE US TO DO BATTLE IN THE REAL WORLD ONE DAY.
SO WE CAME HERE TO TAKE A BREAK FROM OUR STUDIES... TO PARTY!
PARTIES! MY FAVORITE PASTTIME BACK ON CYBERTRON! HOW UNFORTUNATE WE MUST LEAVE THIS ONE SO SOON! WHEN I KNOCKED INTO THAT PIPE, WE WERE LOOKING FOR THE MAIN ROAD SO I COULD DRIVE BUSTER BACK TO HIS HOME.
SHOW 'EM, RATCHET!
DRIVE?

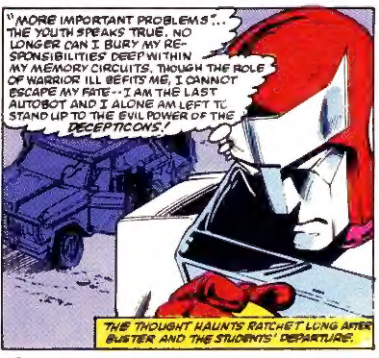

CERTAINLY!
I AM AN AUTOBOT. WHEN MY COMRADES AND I AWOKE AFTER LYING DORMANT FOR FOUR MILLION YEARS ON YOUR PLANET...
... OUR SPACECRAFT, THE ARK, THOUGHT IT WOULD BE TO OUR ADVANTAGE IF IT GAVE US THE ABILITY...
... OF TRANSFORMING TO RESEMBLE YOUR PLANET'S NATIVE LIFE FORMS...
... IN MY CASE, AN AMBULANCE.
HOWEVER, AS WE SOON LEARNED, THE ARK MADE THE MISTAKE OF CONCLUDING THAT MOTORIZED VEHICLES WERE THE INTELLIGENT LIFE FORMS...
... AND NOT ORGANIC CREATURES, LIKE YOURSELVES, WITH WHOM THE ARK HAD LITTLE PRIOR EXPERIENCE.
AS IT TURNED OUT, OUR ARK-GIVEN TRANSFORMATION POWERS HAVE BEEN AN ASSET ANYWAY.
ANY QUESTIONS?
I THINK YOU JUST ANSWERED ALL OF THEM!
BUSTER, WHY DON'T YOU TWO HANG OUT HERE FOR A WHILE? WE'LL HAVE A GREAT TIME!
RATCHET WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A SPLENDID IDEA!
PLEASE...CONTINUE THE ACTIVITIES I INTERRUPTED. I WISH TO LEARN MORE OF WHAT YOU HUMANS DO FOR A GOOD TIME.
OH. WE WERE ONLY COOKING HOT DOGS.
SEE... WE PUT 'EM ON A STICK AND THEN WE COOK 'EM OVER A FIRE FOR A FEW MINUTES.
HMM....INTRIGUING... HEAT TEMPERED PROTEIN CYLINDERS!
BUT ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE A MORE EFFICIENT WAY!
FIRST, TAKE A STANDARD-ISSUE LASER SCALPEL.
THEN, SET THE BEAM FOR LOW-ENERGY SCAN...
AND, WITHIN MERE SECONDS, THE SAME RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED!
UH, RATCH, I DON'T THINK THESE GUYS HAVE ANY LASER SCA--
--YIIII!!!
BUSTER!
WHAT'S WRONG?!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?!

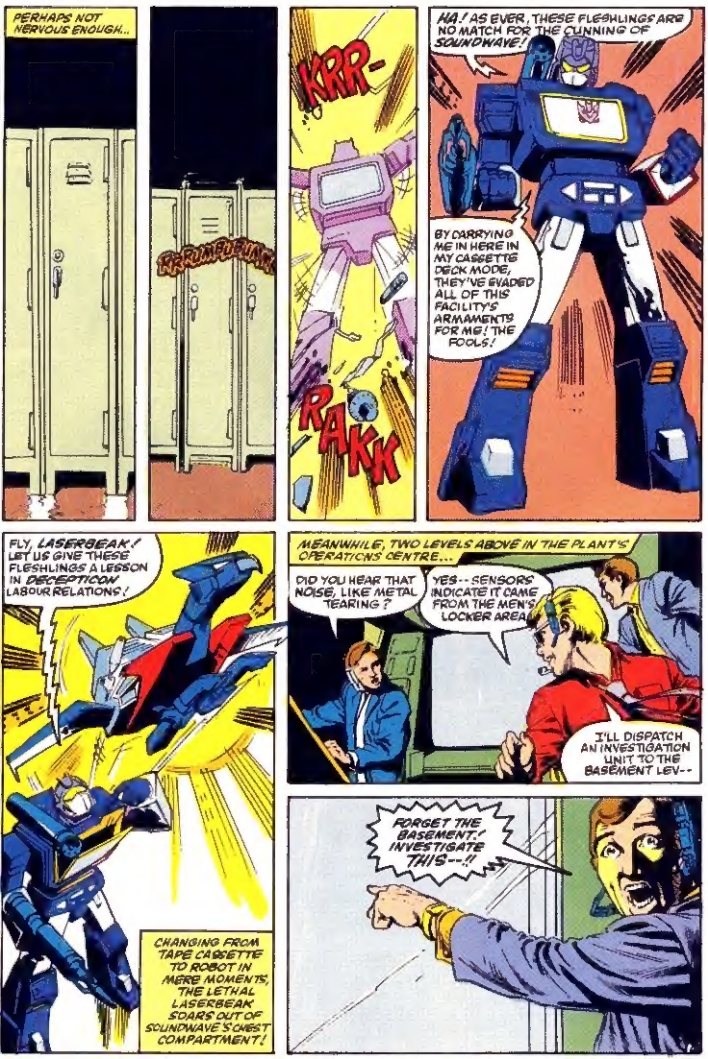

A SEARING PAIN EXPLODES INSIDE BUSTER'S SKULL.
FOR AN INSTANT, AN IMAGE FLASHES IN HIS MIND... AN IMAGE OF THE CAPTIVE HEAD OF AUTOBOT LEADER, OPTIMUS PRIME INSIDE THE ARM, MERE HOURS EARLIER, BLASTING BUSTER WITH A CORUSCATING BEAM OF ENERGY. *
THE PAIN HE FEELS NOW IS THE SAME HE FELT THEN...
... AND JUST AS HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY OPTIMUS PRIME HIT HIM WITH THAT BEAM, NEITHER DOES HE UNDERSTAND WHAT CAUSES THE PAIN TO RECUR.
* ISSUE # 24


ALL BUSTER KNOWS FOR SURE IS, AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN... THE PAIN STOPS.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
DO YOU REQUIRE MEDICAL ATTENTION, BUSTER?
I...I'M FINE. I-IT'S PROBABLY JUST EXHAUSTION.
UH, MAYBE IT'S TIME WE ALL PACKED UP. OUR TENT IS RUINED ANYWAY.
WE COULD DROP YOU OFF IN YOUR TOWN ON THE RIDE BACK, BUSTER, IF YOU WANT US TO.

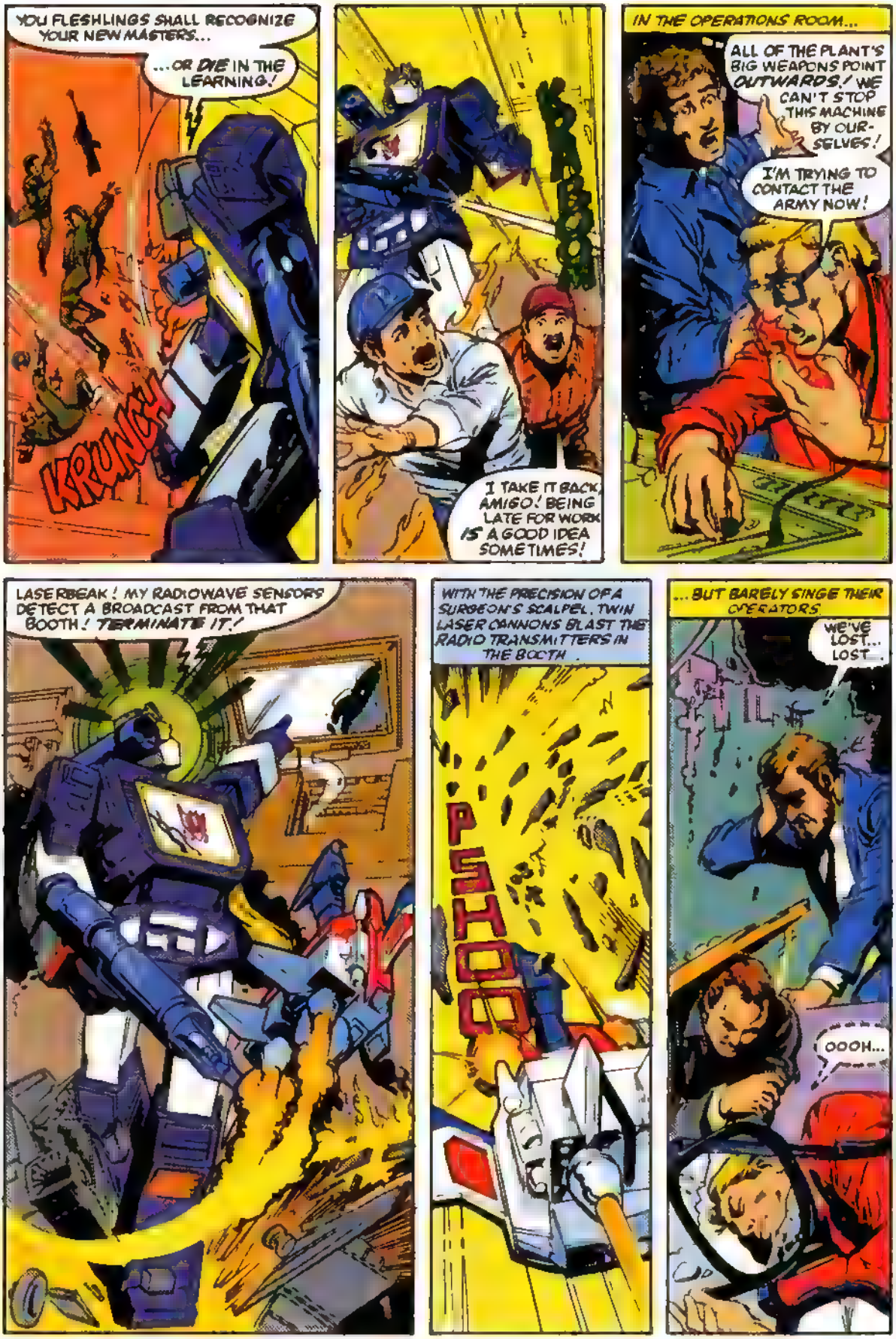

I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF I TOOK YOU HOME, BUSTER.
NO...REMEMBER, RATCH, YOU HAVE...MORE IMPORTANT PROBLEMS THAN ME TO WORRY ABOUT. I'LL BE OKAY WITH THEM. HONEST!


"MORE IMPORTANT PROBLEMS?"... THE YOUTH SPEAKS TRUE. NO LONGER CAN I BURY MY RESPONSIBILITIES DEEP WITHIN MY MEMORY CIRCUITS. THOUGH THE ROLE OF WARRIOR ILL BEFITS ME, I CANNOT ESCAPE MY FATE--I AM THE LAST AUTOBOT AND I ALONE AM LEFT TO STAND UP TO THE EVIL POWER OF THE DECEPTICONS!
THE THOUGHT HAUNTS RATCHET LONG AFTER BUSTER AND THE STUDENTS' DEPARTURE.

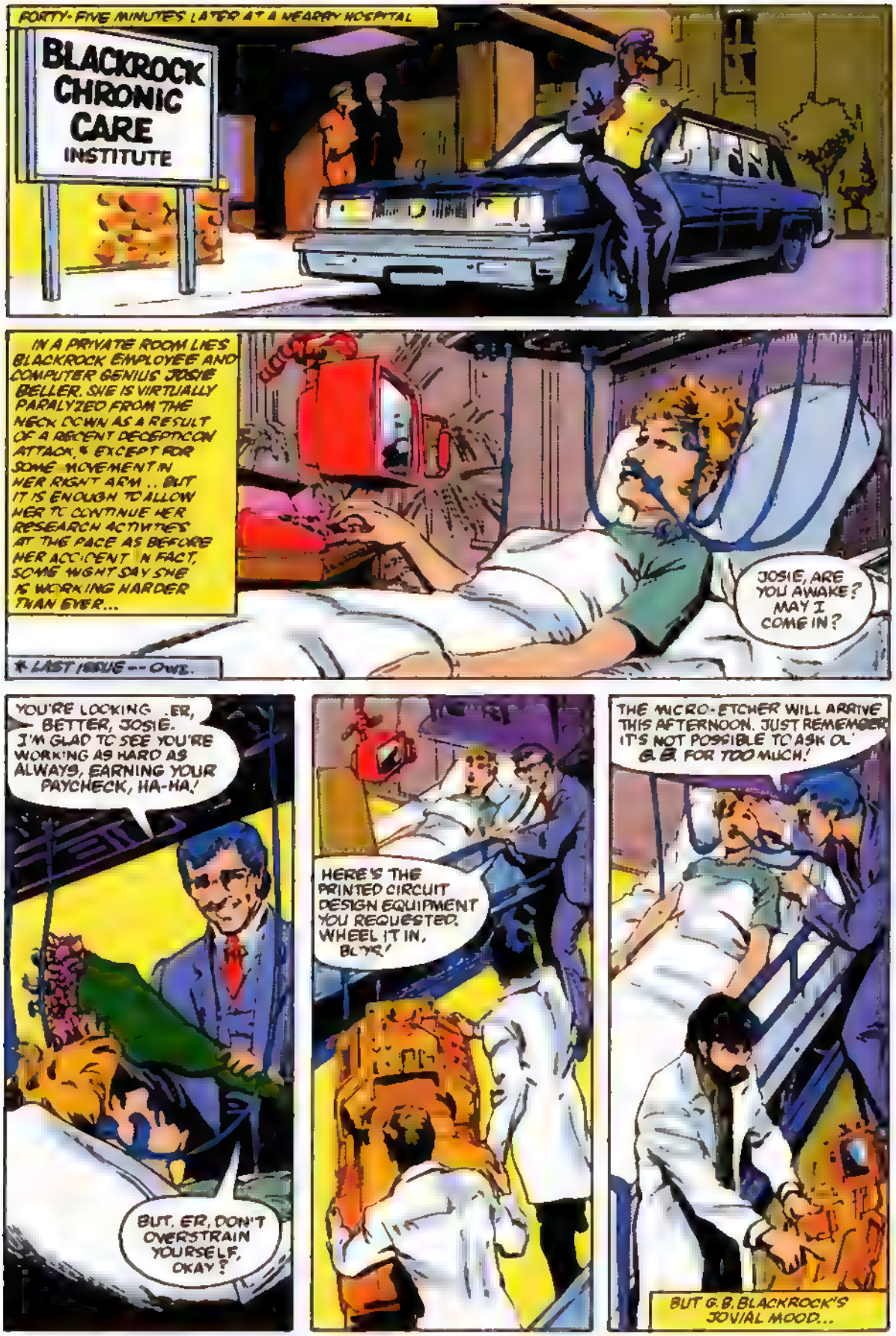
A SUBURB OF PORTLAND, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. THE FIRST SHIFT IS JUST ARRIVING FOR WORK AT BLACKROCK AEROSPACE PLANT NUMBER ONE, WHERE THE MOST TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED JET FIGHTERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARE BUILT...
FERDY, WILL YA LOOK AT THIS--?!
--A STEREO CASSETTE DECK! LOOKS BRAND NEW. TOO! SOMEONE JUST LEFT IT LYIN' HERE IN THE PARKING LOT!
WELL, GRAB IT AND LET'S GO, GABE...
...YOU KNOW HOW I LIKE TO PUNCH IN ON TIME EVER SINCE BOSS BLACKROCK INSTALLED ALL THIS ARTILLERY!
WHO KNOWS--MAYBE HE'LL USE IT ON LATE WORKERS INSTEAD OF DOCKING THEIR PAY!
AW C'MON, STOP KIDDIN' AROUND.
YOU KNOW ALL THE SECURITY'S BEEN ADDED TO PROTECT THE PLANT ONLY SINCE BLACKROCK'S OIL RIG WAS STOLEN BY THAT ROBOT/* IT'S FOR OUR OWN SAFETY!
I HEAR ANY ONE OF THOSE CANNONS CAN SINK A SMALL COUNTRY!
*DECEPTICON COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE DID IT IN ISSUE #24
OKAY, ENOUGH WITH THE MILITARY SPEECHES, GENERALE, LET'S BUILD SOME JETS!
YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL! MEANWHILE, I'LL LEAVE MY LITTLE TOY HERE 'TILL I GET A CHANCE TO PLAY IT AT LUNCH BREAK.
I THINK IT'LL BE SAFE TILL THEN.
SAFETY! SAFETY! YOU'RE TOO NERVOUS, AMIGO!


PERHAPS NOT NERVOUS ENOUGH..
KRR-
RAKK
HA! AS EVER, THESE FLESHLINGS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE CUNNING OF SOUNDWAVE!
BY CARRYING ME IN HERE IN MY CASSETTE DECK MODE, THEY'VE EVADED ALL OF THIS FACILITY'S ARMAMENTS FOR ME! THE FOOLS!
FLY, LASERBEAK! LET US GIVE THESE FLESHLINGS A LESSON IN DECEPTICON LABOUR RELATIONS!
CHANGING FROM TAPE CASSETTE TO ROBOT IN MERE MOMENTS, THE LETHAL LASERBEAK SOARS OUT OF SOUNDWAVE'S CHEST COMPARTMENT!
MEANWHILE, TWO LEVELS ABOVE IN THE PLANT'S OPERATIONS CENTRE...
DID YOU HEAR THAT NOISE, LIKE METAL TEARING?
YES--SENSORS INDICATE IT CAME FROM THE MEN'S LOCKER AREA!
I'LL DISPATCH AN INVESTIGATION UNIT TO THE BASEMENT LEV--
FORGET THE BASEMENT! INVESTIGATE THIS---!!

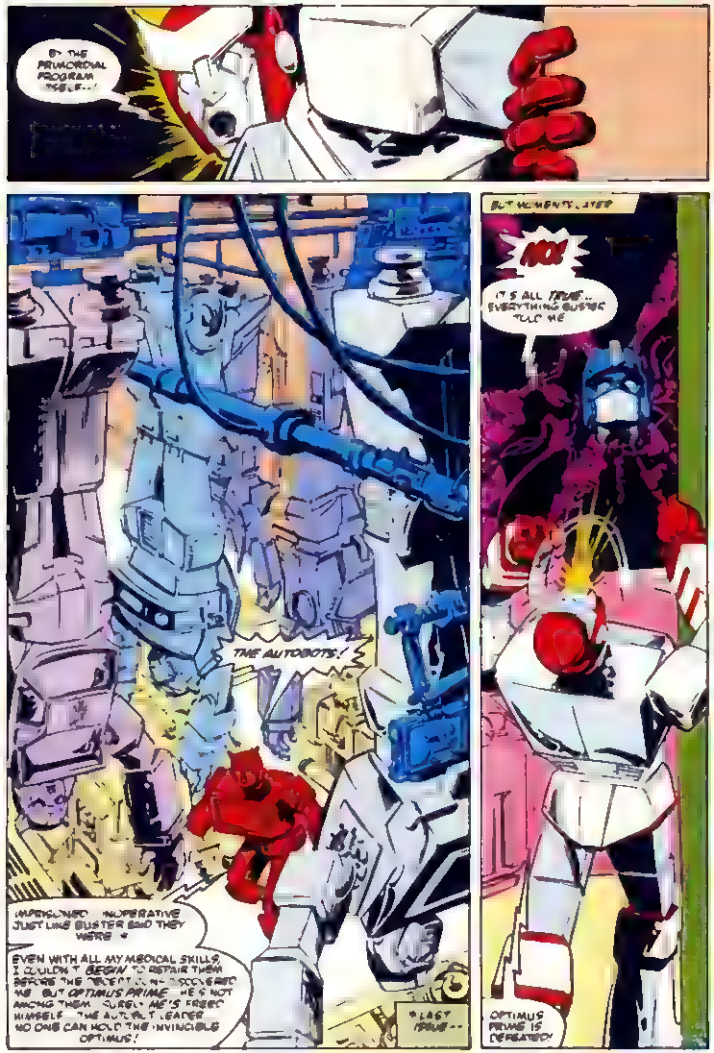
YOU AND THIS PLANT ARE NOW PROPERTY OF THE DECEPTICONS! MAKE NO ATTEMPTS TO RESIST THIS EDICT, FLESHLINGS!
VRAPP
SPKOW
PTU
PTU
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
LEAD THE WAY!
THERE IS NO DEFYING MY WORD, FLESHLINGS! STOP YOUR FLIGHT!
STOP THIS, GARBAGE CAN!
BWAM
ARE YOUR AUDIO SENSORS FAILING YOU, FLESHLINGS...
... OR ARE YOU JUST IN NEED OF A MORE PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT?
AAGH!
ZZAP
ZZAP
YEEOW!

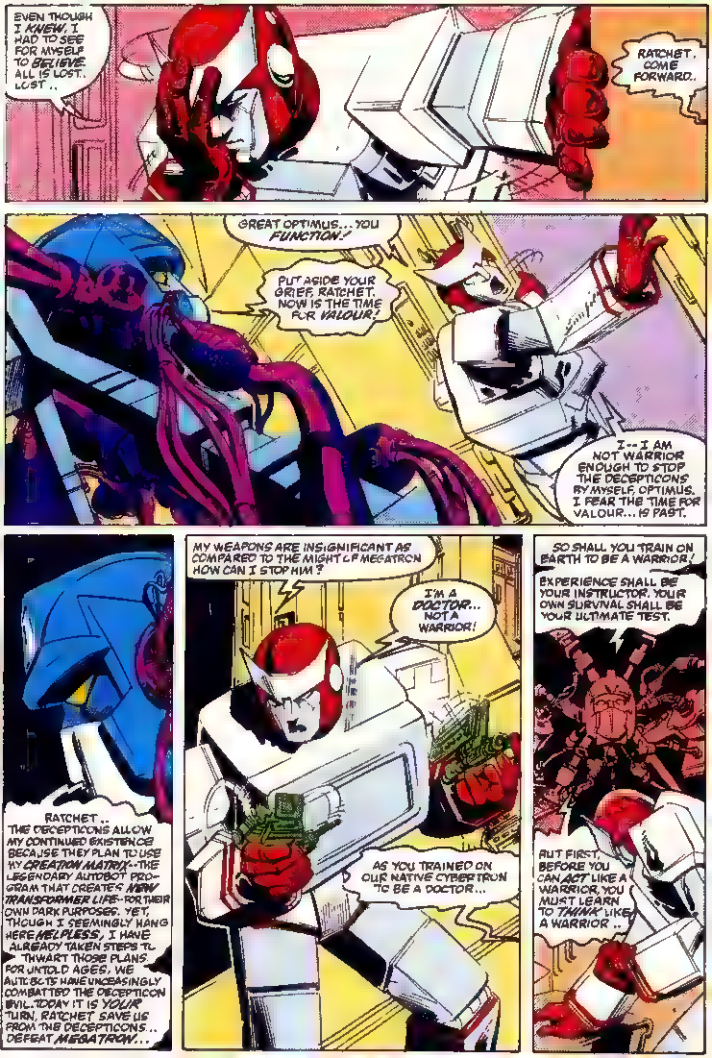

YOU FLESHLINGS SHALL RECOGNIZE YOUR NEW MASTERS...
...OR DIE IN THE LEARNING!
KRUNCH
I TAKE IT BACK, AMIGO! BEING LATE FOR WORK IS A GOOD IDEA SOMETIMES!
IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM...
ALL OF THE PLANT'S BIG WEAPONS POINT OUTWARDS! WE CAN'T STOP THIS MACHINE BY OURSELVES!
I'M TRYING TO CONTACT THE ARMY NOW!
LASERBEAK! MY RADIOWAVE SENSORS DETECT A BROADCAST FROM THAT BOOTH! TERMINATE IT!
WITH THE PRECISION OF A SURGEON'S SCALPEL, TWIN LASER CANNONS BLAST THE RADIO TRANSMITTERS IN THE BOOTH.
PSHOO
...BUT BARELY SINGE THEIR OPERATORS
WE'VE LOST... LOST...
OOOH...

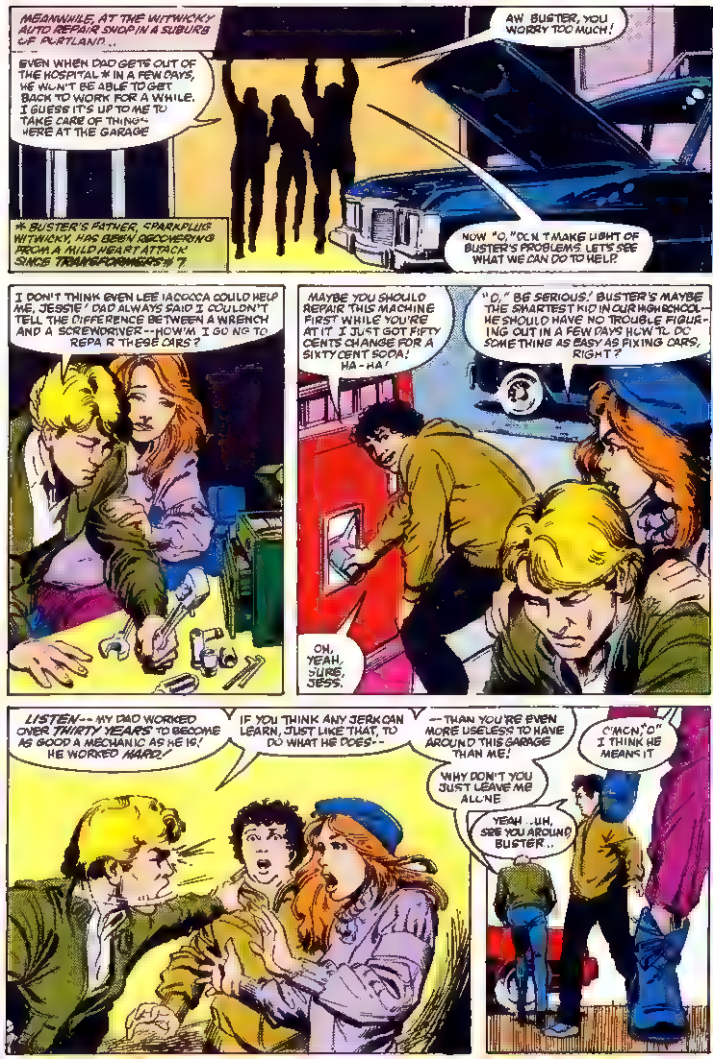
AND SOON, ABOARD AN OIL-DRILLING PLATFORM OFF THE OREGON COAST...
YOU HAVE CARRIED OUT MY PLAN MOST EFFECTIVELY, SOUNDWAVE...
.. AND HAVE SIGNIFICANTLY ADVANCED THE DECEPTICON CAUSE. THIS ASSEMBLY PLANT SHALL FULFILL OUR NEEDS VERY WELL INDEED.
IT WAS THE INFORMATION YOU GLEANED FROM THE FILES LEFT ABOARD THE OIL RIG BY THE HUMAN, BLACKROCK. THAT ALLOWED ME TO SERVE YOU SO WELL, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE. ALL GLORY BELONGS TO YOU!
ELSEWHERE, IN DOWNTOWN PORTLAND...
...AND IN A WEIRD TWIST TO THIS STORY, THE GIANT ROBOT IS AIDING IN TRANSMITTING THIS BROADCAST, AS IF TO BRAG TO THE WORLD OF ITS CONQUEST. AUTHORITIES FEAR THE HOSTAGE WORKERS MAY BE HARMED IF RETALI-ATION IS--
THEY DID IT TO ME AGAIN.
CLIK
THOSE BLASTED WALKING SARDINE CANS HAVE ONCE AGAIN HUMILIATED ME...
THIS TIME FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.
WELL, I'M NOT BEATEN YET.
HEAR THAT, RUSTBUCKETS? B.B. BLACKROCK ISN'T BEATEN YET.


FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER AT A NEARBY HOSPITAL
BLACKROCK CHRONIC CARE INSTITUTE
IN A PRIVATE ROOM LIES BLACKROCK EMPLOYEE AND COMPUTER GENIUS JOSIE BELLER. SHE IS VIRTUALLY PARALYZED FROM THE NECK DOWN AS A RESULT OF A RECENT DECEPTICON ATTACK,* EXCEPT FOR SOME MOVEMENT IN HER RIGHT ARM .. BUT IT IS ENOUGH TO ALLOW HER TO CONTINUE HER RESEARCH ACTIVITIES AT THE PACE AS BEFORE HER ACCIDENT. IN FACT, SOME MIGHT SAY SHE IS WORKING HARDER THAN EVER...
JOSIE, ARE YOU AWAKE? MAY I COME IN?
* LAST ISSUE -- Ow!.
YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER, JOSIE. I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE WORKING AS HARD AS ALWAYS, EARNING YOUR PAYCHECK, HA-HA!
BUT, ER, DON'T OVERSTRAIN YOURSELF, OKAY?
HERE'S THE PRINTED CIRCUIT DESIGN EQUIPMENT YOU REQUESTED. WHEEL IT IN, BOYS!
THE MICRO-ETCHER WILL ARRIVE THIS AFTERNOON. JUST REMEMBER IT'S NOT POSSIBLE TO ASK OL' G.B. FOR TOO MUCH!
BUT G.B. BLACKROCK'S JOVIAL MOOD...

LEAVES THE ROOM WITH THE TECHNICIANS MOMENTS LATER
THE DOCTORS THEY SAY THE DAMAGE TO YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM IS EXTENSIVE. THEY DON'T KNOW IF YOU WILL EVER FULLY RECOVER
AND NOW, I'VE FAILED YOU AGAIN! THOSE BLASTED ROBOTS TOOK OVER THE ASSEMBLY PLANT... THE ONE YOU DESIGNED! I...
...I HAVE TO GO NOW. BUT THEY'LL BE STOPPED--I PROMISE!
I KNOW THEY WILL BE STOPPED, & I PROMISE!
MOUNT ST. HILARY.
THE VOLCANO THAT SERVES AS A MOST UNUSUAL AND UNEXPECTED HARBOUR FOR AN ALIEN SHIP--THE ARK!
SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE ARK
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT MATRIX AM I DOING HERE?
I'M NO WARRIOR! WHAT IF I RUN INTO A PLATOON OF DECEPTICONS? WHAT WILL I--?

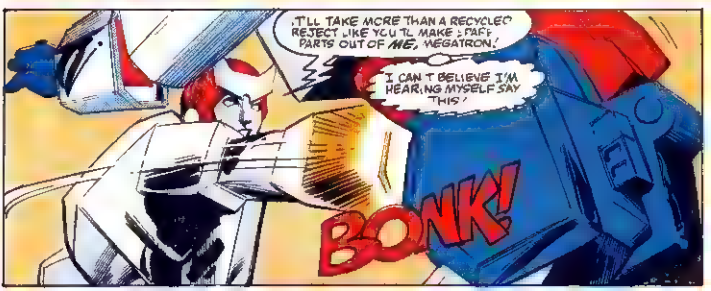

BY THE PRIMORDIAL PROGRAM ITSELF...
THE AUTOBOTS!
IMPRISONED. INOPERATIVE. JUST LIKE BUSTER SAID THEY WERE.
EVEN WITH ALL MY MEDICAL SKILLS, I COULDN'T BEGIN TO REPAIR THEM BEFORE THE DECEPTICONS DISCOVERED ME. BUT OPTIMUS PRIME... HE'S NOT AMONG THEM. SURELY... HE'S FREE! HIMSELF... THE AUTOBOT LEADER. NO ONE CAN HOLD THE INVINCIBLE OPTIMUS!
"LAST TRUE--"
BUT MOMENTS LATER
NO!
IT'S ALL TRUE... EVERYTHING BUSTER TOLD ME.
OPTIMUS PRIME IS DEFEATED!


EVEN THOUGH I KNEW, I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF TO BELIEVE. ALL IS LOST. LOST..
RATCHET, COME FORWARD.
GREAT OPTIMUS... YOU FUNCTION!
PUT ASIDE YOUR GRIEF, RATCHET. NOW IS THE TIME FOR VALOUR!
I-- I AM NOT WARRIOR ENOUGH TO STOP THE DECEPTICONS BY MYSELF, OPTIMUS. I FEAR THE TIME FOR VALOUR... IS PAST.
RATCHET.. THE DECEPTICONS ALLOW MY CONTINUED EXISTENCE BECAUSE THEY PLAN TO USE MY CREATION MATRIX--THE LEGENDARY AUTOBOT PROGRAM THAT CREATES NEW TRANSFORMER LIFE--FOR THEIR OWN DARK PURPOSES. YET, THOUGH I OFFHANDEDLY HANG HERE HELPLESS, I HAVE ALREADY TAKEN STEPS TO THWART THOSE PLANS. FOR UNTOLD AGES, WE AUTOBOTS HAVE UNCEASINGLY COMBATTED THE DECEPTICON EVIL..TODAY IT IS YOUR TURN, RATCHET. SAVE US FROM THE DECEPTICONS... DEFEAT MEGATRON...
MY WEAPONS ARE INSIGNIFICANT AS COMPARED TO THE MIGHT OF MEGATRON. HOW CAN I STOP HIM?
I'M A DOCTOR... NOT A WARRIOR!
AS YOU TRAINED ON OUR NATIVE CYBERTRON TO BE A DOCTOR...
SO SHALL YOU TRAIN ON EARTH TO BE A WARRIOR!
EXPERIENCE SHALL BE YOUR INSTRUCTOR. YOUR OWN SURVIVAL SHALL BE YOUR ULTIMATE TEST.
BUT FIRST, BEFORE YOU CAN ACT LIKE A WARRIOR, YOU MUST LEARN TO THINK LIKE A WARRIOR..


MEANWHILE, AT THE WITWICKY AUTO REPAIR SHOP IN A SUBURB OF PORTLAND..
EVEN WHEN DAD GETS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL* IN A FEW DAYS, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET BACK TO WORK FOR A WHILE. I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS HERE AT THE GARAGE
* BUSTER'S FATHER, SPARKPLUG WITWICKY, HAS BEEN RECOVERING FROM A MILD HEART ATTACK SINCE TRANSFORMERS# 7.
AW BUSTER, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH!
NOW "O," DON'T MAKE LIGHT OF BUSTER'S PROBLEMS. LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP!
I DON'T THINK EVEN LEE IACOCCA COULD HELP ME, JESSIE! DAD ALWAYS SAID I COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WRENCH AND A SCREWDRIVER--HOW'M I GO NG TO REPA R THESE CARS?
MAYBE YOU SHOULD REPAIR THIS MACHINE FIRST WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! I JUST GOT FIFTY CENTS CHANGE FOR A SIXTY CENT SODA! HA-HA!
OH, YEAH. SURE, JESS.
"O," BE SERIOUS! BUSTER'S MAYBE THE SMARTEST KID IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL--HE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FIGURING OUT IN A FEW DAYS HOW TO DO SOMETHING AS EASY AS FIXING CARS, RIGHT?
LISTEN-- MY DAD WORKED OVER THIRTY YEARS TO BECOME AS GOOD A MECHANIC AS HE IS! HE WORKED HARD!
IF YOU THINK ANY JERK CAN LEARN, JUST LIKE THAT, TO DO WHAT HE DOES--
--THAN YOU'RE EVEN MORE USELESS TO HAVE AROUND THIS GARAGE THAN ME!
C'MON, "O" I THINK HE MEANS IT
WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE
YEAH ..UH, SEE YOU AROUND BUSTER..

BUT, MOMENTS AFTER THE PAIR HAVE LEFT..
YEEOW!!
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN .. WORSE.. HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S GONNA CRACK IN TWO.. UHH ..
OH.. IT'S GONE AWAY.. I--
WHAT?! WERE THOSE THINGS FLOATING?!
BLOOK
GLOMP
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE ARK...
"THINK LIKE A WARRIOR..." THE ONLY THING I CAN THINK ABOUT IS WHAT AM I DOING HERE... LOOKING FOR MEGATRON, THE NASTIEST DECEPTICON OF THE BUNCH ?
THIS ISN'T MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME AT ALL!
HUH--?!
CLINK
AARGH!!
KRRUNCH

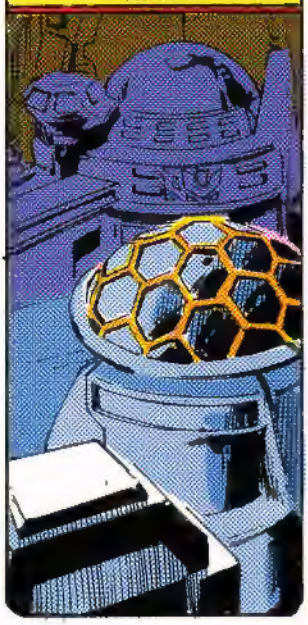
MEGATRON!
WELCOME, CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER RATCHET! YOU WILL BE A MOST IMPRESSIVE ADDITION TO MY COLLECTION--
--OF SCRAPPED AUTOBOTS!


I'LL TAKE MORE THAN A RECYCLED REJECT LIKE YOU TO MAKE SPARE PARTS OUT OF ME, MEGATRON!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING MYSELF SAY THIS!
BONK!

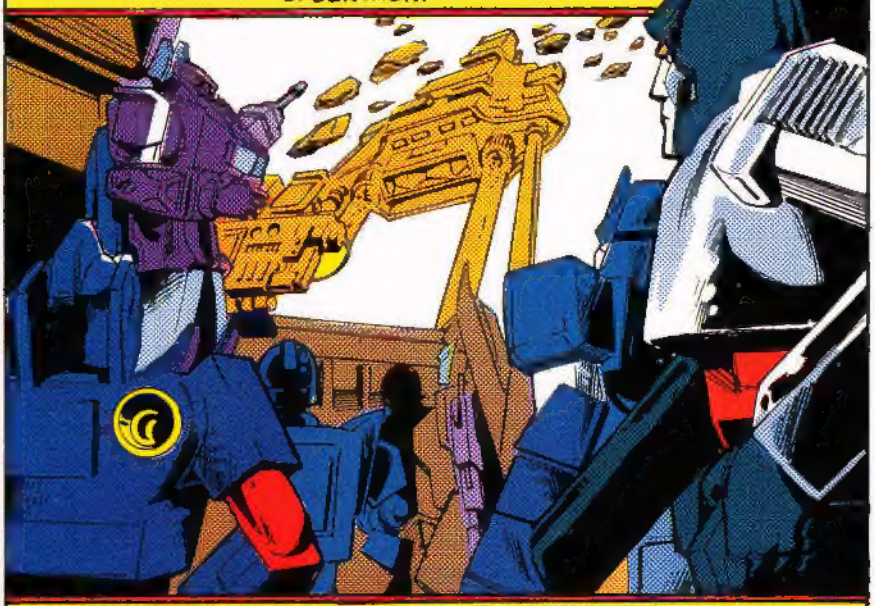
YOU DARE STRIKE YOUR SUPERIOR, AUTOBOT?
FOR SUCH EFFRONTERY I SHALL TEAR OUT EACH WIRE ONE BY ONE FROM YOUR BODY!
SPLANG!
UGH!
I SHALL CRUSH YOUR CEREBRO-CIRCUITRY INTO MOLECULAR DUST WITH ONE HAND!
UH. STAY BACK-- I'LL SHOOT IF I HAVE TO!
LOOKS LIKE I HAVE TO.
YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE! I HAVE SOME LASER BEAM HEAT AND CRYOGENIC COLD! THESE GADGETS ARE FOR REPAIRING PATIENTS, NOT FIGHTING ENEMIES-- HOPE THEY'LL DO THE JOB ANYWAY!
HA HA HA!
FWISH
ZZAP
THEY DIDN'T EVEN SCRATCH HIS ARMOUR! DOESN'T HE HAVE ANY WEAKNESSES?
SO PITIFUL ARE YOUR FIGHTING SKILLS THAT DESTROYING YOU IS SCARCELY WORTH THE BOTHER--

--BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN DULL AROUND THE ARK LATELY, AND YOUR AGONIZING END SHOULD PROVIDE ME WITH SOME SMALL AMUSEMENT--
--AT LEAST FOR A WHILE...
BUT A SUDDEN TRANSMISSION INTERRUPTS MEGATRON...
THIS IS SHOCKWAVE. STOP WHATEVER YOU ARE DOING, MEGATRON, AND PREPARE THE HEAD OF OPTIMUS PRIME FOR IMMEDIATE TRANSPORT.
YES... COMMANDER!
KKA
RAKKK
COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE! WHAT HAPPENED TO MEGATRON'S BEING IN COMMAND? AS I SUSPECTED SHOCKWAVE MUST HAVE BEATEN MEGATRON!*
MAYBE THIS IS THE FLAW I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
* RATCHET SAW SHOCKWAVE CARRYING THE BATTERED MEGATRON LAST ISSUE
I--I CAN HELP YOU, MEGATRON.
HELP ME WHAT? GRIND AUTOBOTS TO POWDER?
OOOF!
WHAM
HELP YOU... DEFEAT SHOCKWAVE!
YOUR JEST WILL NOT SAVE YOU FROM YOUR DOOM!
IT'S TRUE... I KNOW HOW HE WAS DEFEATED BEFORE--BY THE DINOBOTS!
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HOPE HE BELIEVES ME ANYWAY!
HE'S BUYING IT.
DEFEAT SHOCKWAVE!
I'VE DESPISED THAT ONE-EYED METAL MONSTROSITY--

"--SINCE EVEN BEFORE WE LEFT CYBERTRON TO AMBUSH THE AUTOBOTS AND THIS ARK FOUR MILLION EARTH YEARS AGO!



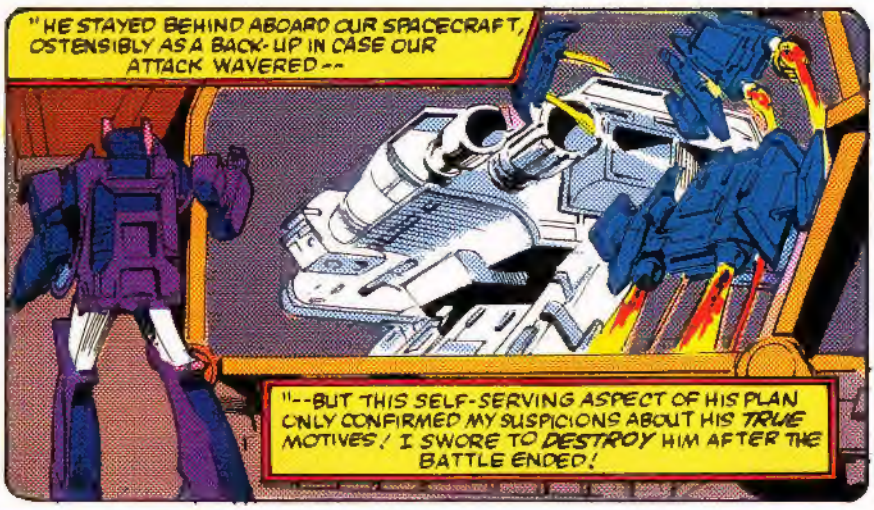
"AS SUPREME DECEPTICON MILITARY OPERATIONS OFFICER, IT WAS HIS FUNCTION TO DEVISE THE STRATEGY OF OUR ATTACK ON YOU WHEN YOU SOUGHT TO CLEAR A PATH THROUGH THAT ASTEROID BELT THAT THREATENED CYBERTRON.!



"BUT I KNEW, BEHIND THAT COLD, LOGICAL MONOTONE OF HIS, HE SECRETLY *TREACHEROUSLY* CRAVED THE POWER OF MY COMMAND!

"I VOWED TO *DENY* HIM, EVEN AT THE COST OF A DECEPTICON VICTORY!

"HE STAYED BEHIND ABOARD OUR SPACECRAFT, OSTENSIBLY AS A BACK-UP IN CASE OUR ATTACK WAVERED --

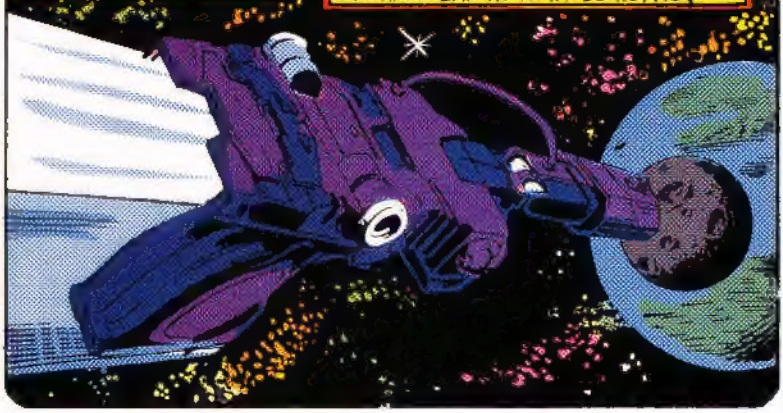


"--BUT THIS SELF-SERVING ASPECT OF HIS PLAN ONLY CONFIRMED MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT HIS *TRUE* MOTIVES! I SWORE TO *DESTROY* HIM AFTER THE BATTLE ENDED!

"BUT, AS A RESULT OF A RASH ACT BY OPTIMUS PRIME, THE ARK AND EVERYONE ABOARD, BOTH AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS, CRASHED INTO A NEARBY WORLD-- *EARTH!*

"WE ALL LAY WRECKED, INOPERATIVE WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE ARK!

"SHOCKWAVE ASSUMED HIS SPACE-GUN MODE, AND, HAVING THE ABILITY FOR SELF-PROPELLED SPACE FLIGHT, SPED TOWARD EARTH TO INVESTIGATE!



"HOWEVER, HIS PASSAGE THROUGH THE RADIATION BELTS THAT RING THIS PLANET ADVERSELY EFFECTED HIS GUIDANCE SYSTEMS.

"HE TOUCHED DOWN HALF A WORLD AWAY FROM WHERE WE HAD CRASHED, IN A LAND INHABITED BY STRANGE, MONSTROUS CARBON-BASED CREATURES. *

* LONGTIME MARVEL READERS SHOULD RECOGNIZE THIS PLACE AS THE SAVAGE LAND, A TROPICAL REGION OF PREHISTORIC CREATURES LOCATED IN ANTARCTICA -- OWZ.

"BEFORE SHOCKWAVE COULD REORIENT HIMSELF TO FIND THE ARK, THE ARK--STILL BARELY FUNCTIONING--DISPATCHED FIVE AUTOBOT WARRIORS TO STOP HIM.

"AS PER ITS PROGRAMMING, THE ARK *MODIFIED* THESE AUTOBOTS TO BLEND IN WITH WHAT IT PERCEIVED WERE THE DOMINANT SENTIENT LIFE FORMS OF THE AREA. AND THUS, THE *DINOBOTS* WERE CREATED! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT I DO NOT KNOW, BUT SHOCKWAVE WAS NOT HEARD FROM FOR 4,000,000 YEARS--

"--UNTIL RECENTLY WHEN, ACCIDENTALLY REACTIVATED BY AN AUTOBOT PROBE, HE RETURNED AND USURPED MY COMMAND! *

THIS MUCH I KNEW OR SHOCKWAVE TOLD ME. BUT MORE THAN THAT HE WOULD NOT SAY FOR FEAR I MIGHT USE THE INFORMATION ABOUT WHAT THE DINOBOTS DID TO HIM TO DEFEAT HIM *MYSELF!*

I AM NOT ONE TO BE TRIFLED WITH, RATCHET! *TELL ME HOW TO DEFEAT SHOCKWAVE OR PREPARE FOR A MOST PAINFUL END TO YOUR PATHETIC EXISTENCE!*

TELL WHAT? I DON'T *KNOW* WHAT THE DINOBOTS DID TO STOP SHOCKWAVE! AND NOW HE'S CALLING MY BLUFF...

BUT MAYBE NOW'S THE TIME TO START THINKING...THINKING LIKE A *WARRIOR*...TAKE THE OFFENSIVE...CALL *HIS* BLUFF!

GO AHEAD AND KILL ME, MEGATRON! BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME IF I'M *DEAD!*

YOUR OTHER CHOICE--*ONLY* CHOICE--IS TO MAKE A DEAL WITH ME! PROMISE TO RETURN THE ARK AND THE AUTOBOTS TO ME AND IN EXCHANGE... *I'LL* DESTROY SHOCKWAVE!

YOU *DARE* THINK TO SUCCEED WHERE THE MIGHT OF MEGATRON HAS FAILED? *HA!* FOR A CONDEMNED PRISONER YOU HAVE A MOST SURPRISING SENSE OF HUMOR! STILL, PLAYING YOUR *GAME* MIGHT BE MORE ENTERTAINING THAN KILLING YOU. I AGREE TO YOUR TERMS!

BUT CROSS ME BY TRYING TO RUN AWAY TO SAVE YOUR *OWN* WORTHLESS LIFE AND, WITH ONE PULL OF THIS TRIGGER, I'LL REDUCE ALL YOUR COMRADES TO METAL SHAVINGS!

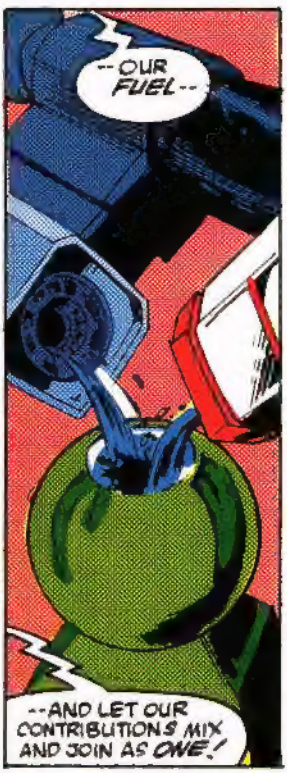
I'M NOT PLAYING ANY *GAME*, MEGATRON!

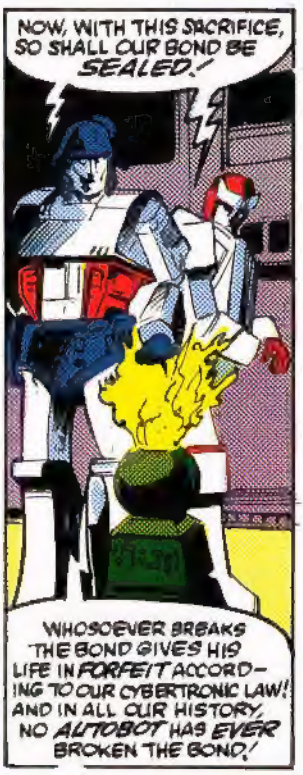
I'M JUST PLAYING FOR *TIME*, AND YOU'RE *GIVING* IT TO ME!

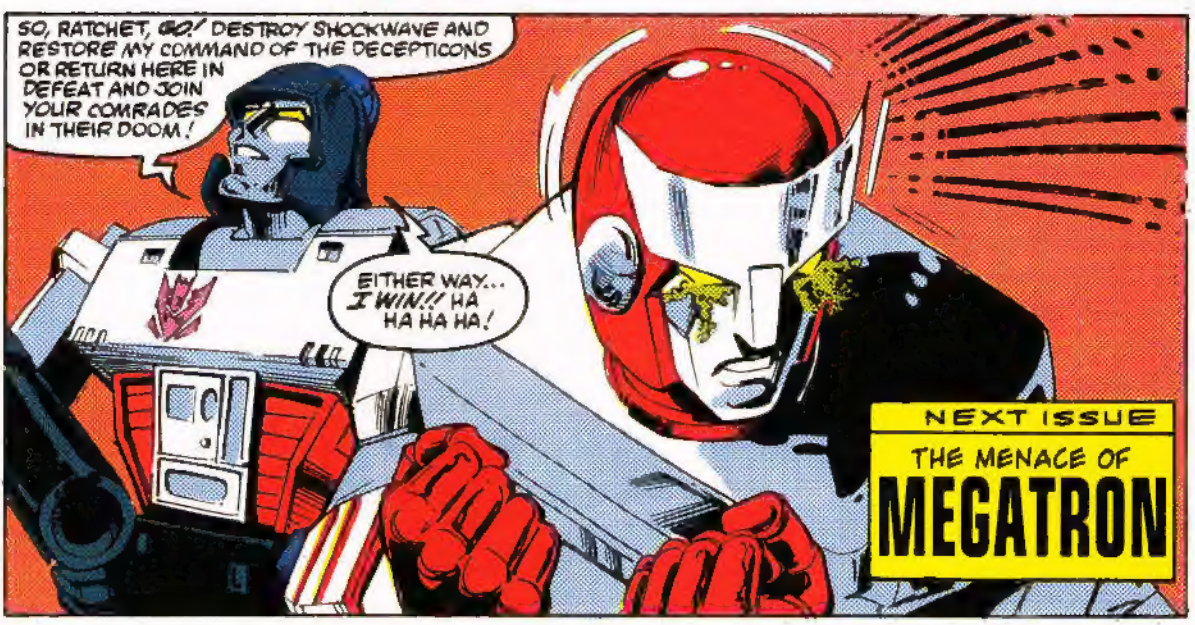
WE BOTH KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE MORE LIKELY OF THE TWO OF US TO DO THE CROSSING AROUND HERE!
SO, UPON RECEIVING EVIDENCE OF SHOCKWAVE'S DESTRUCTION, YOU'LL MEET ME THERE, ON THAT MOUNTAIN, A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE AUTOBOTS--AND THAT TRIGGER! THEN WITH YOU AWAY FROM THE ARK, I'LL RETURN HERE AND TAKE CUSTODY!
HA HA! CERTAINLY, RATCHET-- THOUGH I HARDLY EXPECT THE HAPPY OCCURRENCE THAT WOULD REQUIRE ME TO MEET YOU THERE SHALL EVER COME TO PASS!

NOW, TO BIND OUR AGREEMENT, WE SHALL PARTAKE IN THE MOST SACRED OF CYBERTRONIC RITUALS-- THE RITE OF ONENESS!
YES... IT'S APPROPRIATE...
...AND I'LL BE MORALLY OBLIGATED TO HONOR MY PART OF THE DEAL--I'M TRAPPED!

TO SYMBOLIZE THE STRENGTH OF OUR AGREEMENT, WE EACH CONTRIBUTE A PORTION OF OUR MOST PRECIOUS BODILY SUBSTANCE--


--OUR FUEL--
--AND LET OUR CONTRIBUTIONS MIX AND JOIN AS ONE!


NOW, WITH THIS SACRIFICE, SO SHALL OUR BOND BE SEALED!
WHOSOEVER BREAKS THE BOND GIVES HIS LIFE IN FORFEIT ACCORDING TO OUR CYBERTRONIC LAW! AND IN ALL OUR HISTORY, NO AUTOBOT HAS EVER BROKEN THE BOND!


SO, RATCHET, GO! DESTROY SHOCKWAVE AND RESTORE MY COMMAND OF THE DECEPTICONS OR RETURN HERE IN DEFEAT AND JOIN YOUR COMRADES IN THEIR DOOM!
EITHER WAY... I WIN!! HA HA HA HA!
NEXT ISSUE
THE MENACE OF
MEGATRON